



VOL. 2
NO. 4

ARRESTING TALES FROM

HELIIX

NOV. 2
1967

COVER:
W. CROWLEY

25¢ STORES

STREET: 20¢

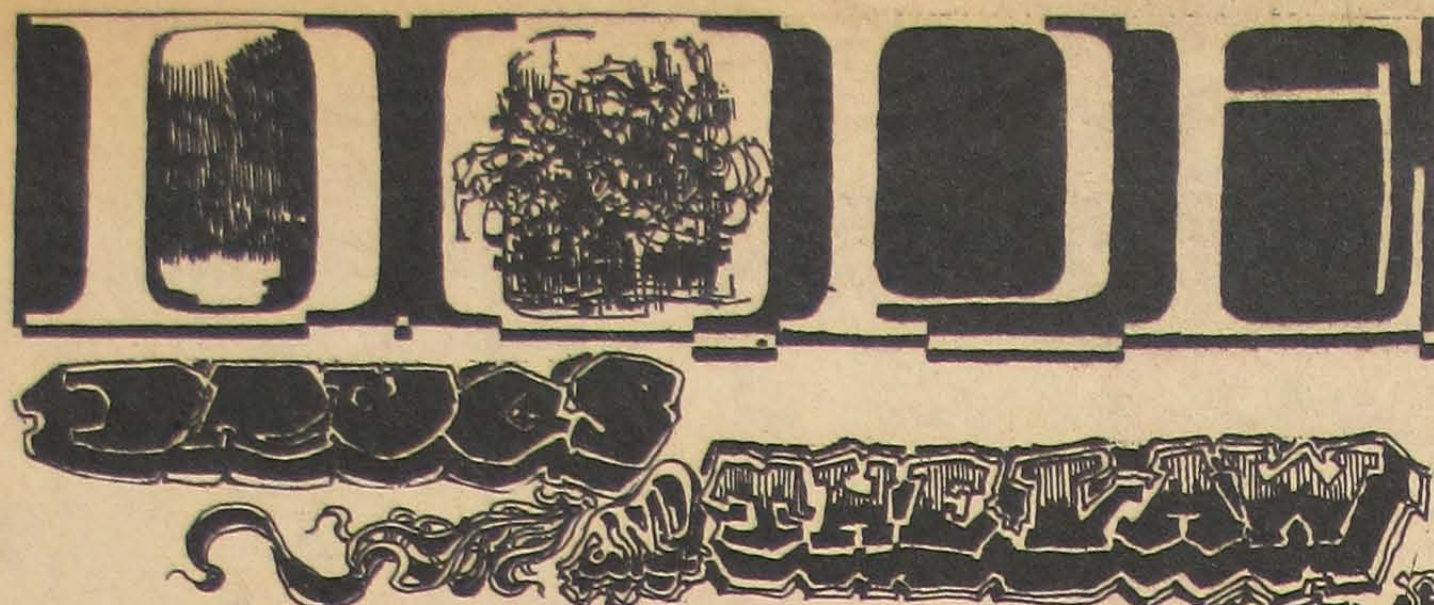


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OF THE

PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING



The following is a dissertation by Dr. Frederick Myers (Pharmacology) given during the Symposium on Psychedelic Drugs and the Law, held at the University of California Medical Center Jan. 1967

The important thing, as far as I'm concerned, is that I will discuss the regulation of four large groups of drugs which seem to present problems in the mind of the dominant culture. Now, having said that, I should at once say that we are in a position to form several attitudes. We can look for technical data just as physicians or students; we can form attitudes to the use of the drugs on our own part -- and really there is not much good you can say about the use or abuse of drugs whether we are talking about these, or cigarettes, or anything else, cigars excepted. But what we are mostly interested in, I think as many of you recognize the consensus, is that as far as an attitude to our own personal use, we find it difficult to say anything good about the use of drugs. But if people do persist in using drugs, we want to form an attitude toward those users. Should we treat them as criminals by definition? Do they represent a problem for the medical profession as we think? How do we react to the use of drugs? Now I think that the fact that you came, in face of the title as announced, means that you recognize that there are a lot of efforts at regulation.

Now I will discuss drugs that you may or may not define as psychedelic. As I may have a chance to say later, I don't know what psychedelic means; no one knows what it means, but a number of people believe in certain things about it -- but it probably will not be susceptible of the kind of analysis that it would be if we were talking about the effect on blood pressure, or something like that. I will start with alcohol, and other central depressants, because the experience in regulating alcohol is informative in defining a few concepts that I think are important. And of course the experience of regulating that drug is represented by the noble experiment called prohibition from 1920 until 1932. Now the important thing is that the properties of alcohol, this sedative drug, -- its properties are the same as any other sedative, if not equal -- the barbiturates, marijuana, gasoline, aeroplane glue -- whatever sedative, any effect a general anesthetic in large doses will produce.

Now alcohol did not change its properties before 1920, or after 1932. The drug properties have been constant throughout this period. The thing that has changed has been the attitude -- social and legislative -- for the drug. Prior to the implementation of the 18th Amendment, alcohol usage was at a particular level, and it did fall off during prohibition, and actually in some regard, if you look at the consumption per individual, it may not have come up to its prior level. So, it is not true that prohibition was a total failure, as far as decreasing the use of alcohol. The incidence of cirrhosis did fall off during this period. Well, what were the objections? Why did it not work, why repealed? First of all there was no public support, or there was not enough public support for it. Most people retained their old attitudes, that it is a socially acceptable drug, and were unwilling to support the law enforcement activities, which were very similar to the ones we see now in relation to other misused drugs.

The same techniques, and in some cases the same harassment, the same, perhaps, distortion of drug effects. However, the point I want to make is that -- the thing that finally convinced the general public, (even those who were not enthused about the idea of making alcohol easily available again), it was unprofitable, was the development of a huge area of criminal activity which has no relation to the drug effect. And this was the first concept I would like to suggest for you: -- the distinction between what is bad about the drug because the drug has certain effects, (for alcohol does produce this phase), or this period of dis-inhibition and associated criminal activity, which is due not to any of the drug effects, but is the outcome of legislation passed in an effort to regulate. During prohibition, there was development of huge industry and bootlegging, which distorted and perverted the government in practically every American city of any size whatsoever. Now this associated criminal activity is not in any sense due to the pharmacological effect of alcohol, but is due to the efforts to legislate, and it is possible to see the same development occurring in the efforts to control other drugs. That is the one large group of drugs to which we will refer repeatedly, and at least one of these is generally accepted by the enthusiasts, by the devotees, as being a psychedelic. There are many sedatives other than alcohol which are used and misused, to produce this period of dis-inhibition, freedom from anxiety, and in the experience of some people a mystic experience comparable to that described for drugs of other classes.

Now the second general group is made up of heroin and the other opiates. Heroin of course, is a common street drug for abuse but this regulation applies to all of the opiates: morphine, Demerol, Percodan -- whatever example you think of. Now there again, prior to the same date, 1920, there was in effect no regulation in this country. And the situation was, I think by common consent, not desirable. Opiates were in patent medicines, sold over the counter and a large number of "nice" people had come to be habituated, or whatever term you use to describe the regular and occasionally compulsive misuse of the drug. As I make some of these statements, you are not to infer attitudes as yet. You can sense what I think later on, but at the moment I am just trying to present you with a sequence. But because the opiates were so freely available, the number of people misusing opiates was many

times what it is now. And I think no one questions the desirability of some regulation at that time, as many of these people were using it, initially at least, not because they wanted any kind of an experience, but because they were told to use this cough medicine or use that even for the treatment of tuberculosis or female complaint, or whatever the ads claimed.

Now the new legislation was not actually in force until about 1920, although the usual date was much earlier, and at that time there was a huge reservoir -- a huge backlog -- of people who had become (most people would say today, and again, you are not to infer an attitude) innocently addicted. Now at that time there were few efforts to treat these patients as medical problems, as individuals. There were efforts to set up narcotic outpatient clinics, and provide drugs for those people whose compulsive behavior could not be handled by physicians, but this was an interim need. There was no intention of continuing it for all drug users indefinitely, and this becomes an important historical point, because the experience of that time is often used to discredit the use of outpatient clinics such as Dr. Forte's for the treatment of drug problems.

The other thing which happened at that time was that by administrative action, by the action of almost a single individual, or a devoted (in my opinion) and highly misguided, stubborn and disagreeable old man, by administrative action -- rather than by the word of the law -- physicians were not allowed to use narcotics in the treatment of addicts. A highly ambiguous court decision was used to enforce this, no physicians objected, and as a result for 35 or 40 years the medical profession was completely estranged from the problem of drug misuse, which essentially was the problem of the misuse of heroin.

The Administrative Agency, the Federal Narcotic Agency, has very effectively made misuse of this drug a legal problem. The attitudes were purely legal, purely punitive. The only treatment was provided by what are called euphemistically "hospitals" -- the Federal Narcotic Farms -- and of course the difference (if this sounds like a paraphrase of Dr. Guttentag's paper) between a locked ward and a prison is one that is not very great. But recently a few people have used narcotics and it turns out that the courts were agreeable all along -- the use of narcotics say, to prevent withdrawal, or to provide maintenance therapy, or a pharmacologic blockade was judged by the courts to be good medical practice, and not really forbidden. As a result, we have seen the same problems as those that occurred during prohibition. Here is a drug, which as I keep saying, has no terribly valuable properties to the individual, as far as I can see, but which does very little harm to the individual by itself, and which does not lead to much antisocial behavior.

With alcohol, and other central depressants the story is different. During this period of dis-inhibition, people who have been drinking, or who have used other drugs of this sort, are more apt to do things that they would not otherwise do. They perform in the psychomotor sense more poorly, so that drunken driving, and I would say that in about 70% of the homicides one party or the other had been drinking, so that a huge fraction of criminal activity is associated with these other drugs.

Now with heroin and other opiates there is associated criminal activity but this is not attributed to the action of the drug on the individual. Because the drug is illegal, and expensive, people may be driven to criminal activity to maintain their habit, but while they are "on the nod" they are not bent upon the door-to-door rape that the Chronicle or other newspapers might suggest. I am pleased to see so many people from the city here, and the fact that we do have so many suggests that we should actually have interchange of this sort more often and hopefully, in groups where interchange is even easier. Well, this problem of heroin misuse is actually, to a large extent, taking care of itself, if the waters are not muddled. The use of heroin is falling off progressively, not the amount of total drug misuse, but the misuse of heroin has been falling off at a satisfactory rate so that this is not the problem that it was once. The problem has shifted a little bit, and of course the reason that it is less used is because crystals, and other stimulants have replaced it as the favorite of the truly drug-driven personality, of the compulsive drug user.

This is our third category: the central stimulants, the prototype is cocaine and the commonest used is methedrine. Later on, of course perhaps we can discuss whether LSD is not a variant of this type: Whether or not the final state of LSD intoxication and the paranoid state which an occasional methamphetamine user experiences are manifestations of the same pharmacologic effect. Regardless of whether or not that is the stage, here we have a drug group handled without special legislation, just on the basis of laws that regulate prescription drugs. And most of the convictions, I think (I don't actually have statistics on this), but just from sitting around downtown for a few minutes, I suspect that more convictions are based on the possession of a needle without a prescription, than on possession of the drug. You see, eventually you will have to base your attitude, your legal attitude so to speak, on a decision whether possession of one of these drugs is a crime.

If I should happen to have a pint of whiskey or whatever in my pocket, is this a crime? Is it a crime for me to drink in public? Much less in my home. Is it a crime for me to sell alcohol or offer it for sale? Only to a minor. As a matter of fact, if I successfully offer alcohol for sale, I may become a pillar of the community -- a successful businessman. Now, on the other hand, if I offer these other things for sale, by definition possession becomes a crime. In all of these, regardless of which sub-culture you come from, you have to decide whether you are dealing with a drug where mere use would constitute a crime. And that's where the idea comes in of the effect of the drug on individual behavior. Alcohol and other central depressants do lead to more criminal activity and these others probably do not. The others probably are private acts which may not be beneficial to the individual but possession or use of which constitutes a crime, a crime without a victim -- other than the user.

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this is arecording...

All night long I dreamt about the blundering record of our city council. Their near-sighted stupidity and carefully guarded mediocrity is now a part of Seattle's history. What bothered me, though, was that even in light of the council's blatant incompetence, the primaries didn't generate enough interest to provide two candidates for every position. It could be that since only two incumbents were running, people figured a change for the better was guaranteed. Another thought was that perhaps there really weren't people living in all those houses and Seattle actually was a small town.

I was so disturbed that I rolled out of bed early that afternoon and hustled down to the office. There, rather than scare the editor with my fantasies, I simply suggested we interview the candidates for Helix. That was the simple beginning of a rather frightening adventure on the telephone.

In order to minimize the horror for the reader and avoid some of the repetitive political sing/song I had to muddle through, I will generalize the answers and highlight only the aberrations from this norm in the interviews.

Most of the candidates did not feel that problems in the central area were as critical as I implied. Most were definitely opposed to a hypothetical daughter smoking marijuana. On the question of speaker bans all said "freedom of speech" in their reply but few indicated their interpretation. All were in favor of rapid transit. None believed that there was any immediate need for an investigation of the Police department. None had read the controversial drug education pamphlet.

As far as aberrations go, it was a fluke of fate (and busy signals) that the first contact I made was EA(Eddie) Black. His secretary answered the phone and proceeded to laugh when I identified myself. She then indicated that she'd check to see if he would talk to me. Soon I was confronted with a booming voice obviously straining to be pleasant. The first thing that he said (which didn't sound like a recording) indicated a real inability to cope with the unknown. He started his remarks on the drug pamphlet by admitting he hadn't read it and therefore didn't have an opinion, but prejudice won out and he went on to state that he was opposed to anything that presented any arguments in favor of drugs. He indicated that he was extremely proud of the police department just as is. But the most devastating thing to me was the strong subliminal racism that permeated his dissertation on the central area. Being myself of a white middle class background, the subtleties of his attitude were all too familiar. "We have to have to help these people". "These people have to be trained". "These people don't want any handouts".

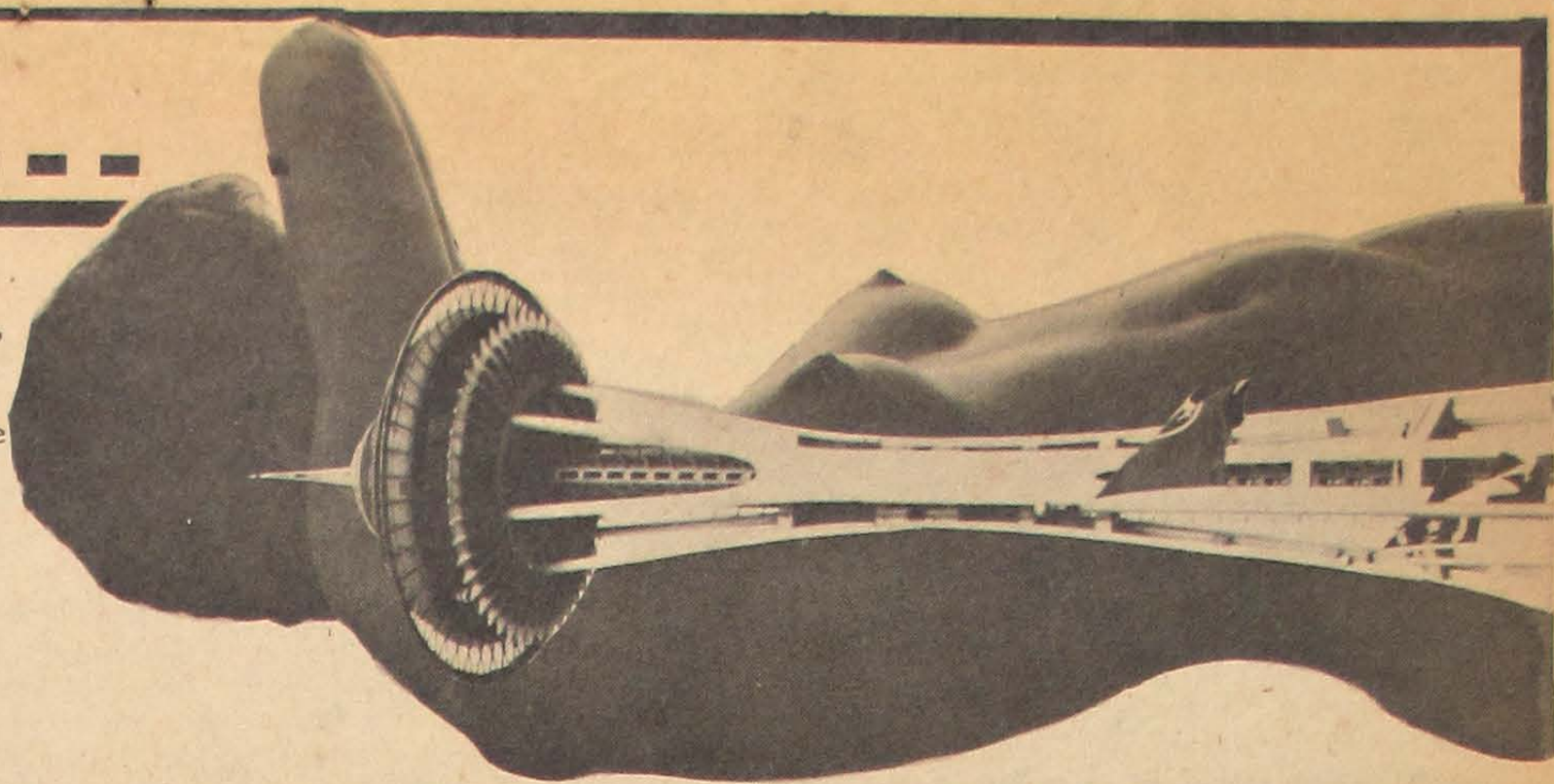
It was like a bad dream, but I was awake. Awake and consumed by a horrid thought...he might win. If he does it will be the ultimate testimony to the power of money here in Seattle.

After about an hour of unwinding and several grams of caffeine, I timidly dialed the phone once again. The ensuing conversation with one Tim Hill was a marked departure from my earlier confrontation. He explained that he did not believe in prior censorship, that an individual should not be banned from public facilities unless it is clearly established that his mere presence would constitute a clear and present danger to the community. Hill was one of only two candidates that expressed awareness of the IAPC investigation currently underway. He indicated that he would not rule out the use of council subpoena power for a further investigation if the need is established. He felt that it was no longer sufficient to focus on specific problems in the central area as they arise, but that we must take a sweeping approach to alleviate the problems. To him this meant the model cities program. In closing his feelings on transportation, he said that Seattle cannot afford to continue dissecting itself geographically with freeways.

Phyllis Lamphere came on loud and clear. She felt that free and full discussion of the drug question was essential to education and would form the basis for a rational decision by the student. She would not approve of any daughter of hers smoking marijuana or consuming alcohol as a minor. On the central area she felt that the problem was underestimated and that the full model cities program was essential, regardless of whether or not the federal government financed it.

George Cooley was also quite explicit about his feelings, calling the Leary ban ridiculous and suggesting bans should only be used if there was a demonstrable possibility of riot. He is all in favor of establishing an independent review agency (for the Police department) that is responsible solely to the mayor. In order to speed up job opportunities for minority groups he suggested that the program of industry hiring individuals regardless of background be promoted by tax advantage. On marijuana he indicated that he wouldn't be too upset if his daughter smoked it. Cooley went on to say that the young people are way ahead of us and our middle class hysteria is only creating problems. He is definitely opposed to the R. H. Thompson Expressway as a hangover of bad planning.

Ted Best came through a little inconsistently at first. He doesn't believe in allowing public facilities to be used by persons advocating anything illegal, yet he said that the drug education pamphlet should present both sides of the story. He felt things were critical in the central area but that it was pretty much up to the federal budget what happens after April. He was opposed to marijuana but indicated that this is a product of his education and



if the experts change the story he can change too. He had an exceptional conceptual understanding of rapid transit needs. Best also made one of the most beautiful statements of the day. He said that if any private citizen who was subjected to police abuse came to him with the facts, he would see that the officer was removed and the complaint kept confidential.

Bob Wartelle believed that today's youth are bright enough so that both sides of the drug question should be presented. He advocates extensive investigation of all city departments. He was refreshingly optimistic about problems in the central area and a new council's ability to cope with them. He quite naively pointed to his attendance at a coffee with negroes as indicative of the changes that are happening.

Sam Smith is a great politician and a lot of fun to talk with.

Robert Dunn was another who felt public facilities should be restricted from anyone advocating anything illegal. He is wholeheartedly behind the task force of the IAPC investigating the police operation and feels that there is no question that police brutality has existed. Although he said we must get low income housing off the ground and that in the long range it is cheaper to keep the youth of the central area in school, he was overly optimistic about the extent to which voluntary industrial participation would alleviate the job opportunities problem. In light of recent scientific data he felt that the statutes on drugs should be reviewed. He felt that lag time in building rapid transit necessitated some major interim projects for wheeled vehicles.

Charles M. Carroll doesn't need any opinions.

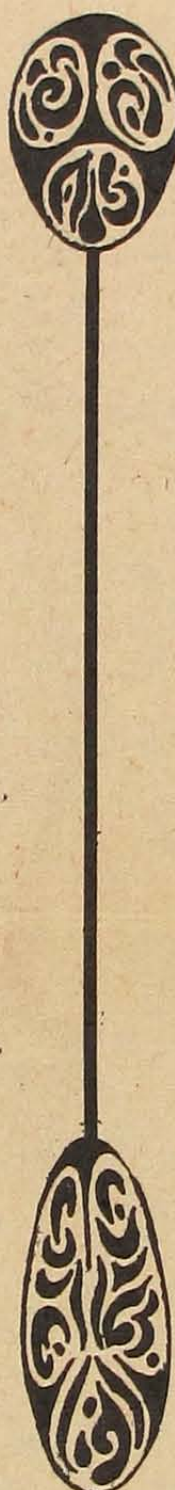
As a result of this series of interviews I gained a new fear of telephones, a reinforced aversion to parrots, and (perhaps) a little insight into what I thought to be Seattle's apathy. It could be that Seattle is actually more aware of the real lack of choice available in the current election, or just plain fed up with politicians since Johnson ran as a peace candidate.

Practical Training

Olympic Junior College has two police training programs as part of the school curriculum. One of these is a two year course for students who may wish to become police officers, and another is an in-service training program for policemen: sort of a refresher course. It only takes 6 weeks. Last week student John Luz put out a little mimeographed unofficial paper and distributed it to students. In the paper he strongly attacked the program and its instructor. The instructor, in turn, told his visiting police to find Luz and take him to the president of the school. Luz was found handing out his little paper and was appropriately asked, "Hey, Waddya doin'?" Luz, however, hardly had time to reply when the officers attempted to grab the papers from his hold. When Luz resisted the officers grabbed Luz instead and with Luz's arm locked securely behind his back - this technique they learned earlier - they dragged Luz two blocks to the principal's office.

The other night Al Ziontz, local attorney, made a visit to the Olympic Junior College board of Directors and told them in no uncertain terms that their school would be open to some pretty weighty civil action if they didn't act to (1) review the school's police program, and (2) that all those involved in the abuse of Luz's freedom of expression make apologies which at least measure in intensity the strength of their grasp.

Although our local press did not apparently cover the story, the Bremerton paper gave it front-page respect. It is now rumored that the frustrated Bremerton police force might well arrest Luz on an obscenity charge. Luz, it seems, in addition to attacking the police program, offended culture's smut-sniffers with the word - it's part of the English Language - "fuck". Someone should charitably advise the Bremerton police force that should they bring such a charge they will, by way of legal precedent, most assuredly lose. Of course, they will have vindicated by way of gesture, the public conscience...which it seems has dedicated its colossal energies to such trivialities.



3♂

ON OCT. 17, AT 6:30 AM
HELIX ART EDITOR
WALT CROWLEY REPORTED
FOR INDUCTION INTO THE
ARMED FORCES OF ETC., ETC.
ON OCT. 17, AT 4:30 PM
MR. CROWLEY EMERGED FROM
THE OMINOUS, BASTILLE-LIKE
INDUCTION CENTER AS A
"4-F", i.e. TOTALLY DISQUAL-
IFIED FOR MILITARY SERVICE.
THIS IS HIS STORY OF
THOSE INTERVENING
TEN HOURS...



CONTINUED
ON PG. 40

(Note: The anti-war movements, drained by the elastic futility of traditional protest, and faced with the continuing increase of the Vietnam-Horror, announced a change in emphasis from "dissent" to "resistance." Few bombs were thrown at the White House. But if the resistance was less than total war, it was at least war on all fronts. The following report is a montage of various Establishment, Political Left and pharmaceutical Left reports.)

Most reports agreed upon the following points: (a) a great deal of blood and jokes attended the demonstrations, (2) Norman Mailer became very drunk, and did an impersonation of LBJ's Dwarf Alter Ego at a D.C. meeting while Robert Lowell lay prone on the stage, and (c) MACE, a new tear gas which penetrates the skin forming an inescapable cloud, and which crumples the victim of a direct hit, came into general use.

On Oct. 15, Florence Beaumont, a fifty-one year old housewife, drenched herself in gasoline and burned to death at the San Gabriel Civic Center in protest against the death in Vietnam. Meanwhile, "Operation Grassroots," got people all over the US to leave their lights burning to show support for our boys.

At the induction center in Oakland, sit-ins and newsmen were both gassed and beaten by a flying wedge of Oakland cops. Bay Area channel 4 viewers were treated to the sight of a cop driving his riot stick into a demonstrator's stomach while his arms were held by two other cops. Even NEWSWEEK reported that "...bystanders were appalled by the savagery of the attack." Those who were not able to rise were again kicked and beaten by second and third waves of police.

Governor Reagan referred to the action as "...being in the finest tradition of California Law Enforcement."

This statement is, however, somewhat misleading. The Berkeley Police, considering the hassle the particular public whose servants they are puts them through, are unusually fine. Even Dick Gregory--no rabid cop lover--has complimented the S.F. police. The Oakland fuzz, however, are something else. I went on a Berkeley-Oakland march several years ago (same goddamn war) and knew the moment the city limits had been crossed just by watching the police. When they have pig eyes, jowls, and slap their clubs lovingly into their gloves, you have just entered Oakland.

Simultaneous demonstrations took place around the country, varying in size and style. But the real focus of the movement was in Washington D.C. On the 21st a hundred and fifty thousand demonstrators--give or take--massed in front of the Pentagon, pushed through the rope barricades, pushed through a line of soldiers; and, after the vanguard had been repulsed at the building steps, sat down on the lawn.

Some taunted the soldiers. Some shouted "We love you!" A couple of soldiers were given joints. Dave Dillenger of LIBERATION magazine went around talking to people in the crowd who had been throwing bottles etc., pointing out to them that it was the front line whose heads they were risking.

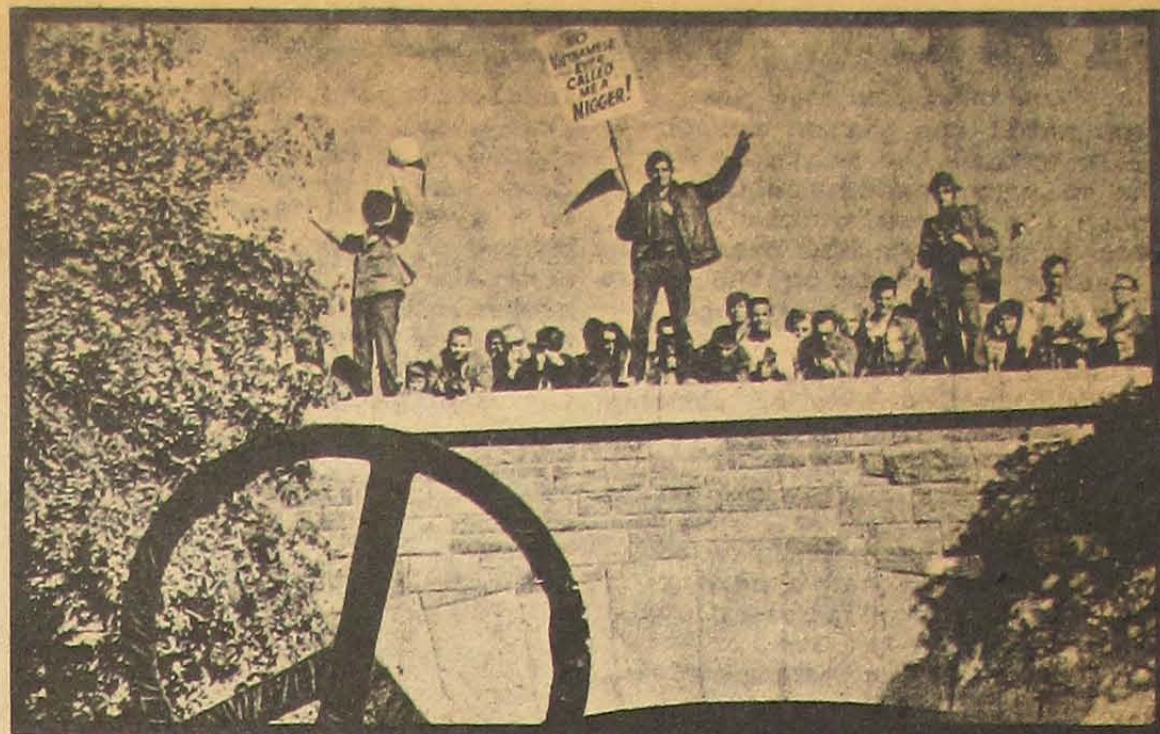
A few of the people attempted to levitate the Pentagon. The diggers brought food. Dope raised its heads.

Evening arrived: suddenly the U.S. Marshalls began moving forward; people were clubbed right and left, and gas was used. Nearly four hundred and fifty arrests were made. The Pentagon later denied that the soldiers had either used or possessed gas; reporters some still weeping, jeered. Jed Stout of the UPI reported seeing "...a single MP take a cannister from his belt and roll it into the crowd..." at the approximate time and place which Assistant Secretary of Defense Fryland cited as being the only known incident of protesters using gas. Both TIME and LIBERATION reported that gas not only had been possessed, but that it had been carried in flame thrower tanks.

Raymond Mungo, arrested in company with Mailer, Tuli Kupferberg and various other strange cellmates, reported being given free sandwiches and coffee, as well as being kicked, while in jail. Someone chanted Hare Krishna. Trials were held the next day.

Those who pleaded nolo contendere were fined \$25 and released. Those who pleaded guilty were taken back to their cells. All were warned not to make "speeches" in court. When Mailer insisted on speaking to the court ("making a speech") he received a five day sentence.

(Mungo) "The trouble was that Mailer's speech all had something to do with his wife being a Catholic and how he loved her anyway."



(photos: wash. free press.)

Seattle



scott white

In Seattle, on the 17th, the Draft Resistance (DR) held a demonstration at the induction center. The ad hoc Seattle Civil Action Committee (SCAC) had originally planned to commit non-violent civil disobedience at the center, but part of the DR was not sure that they approved of civil disobedience, while another part was not sure that they approved of non-violence. Rather than get into something complex SCAC split for the Selective Service (SS) office, which is in the Federal Building.

Five SCAC people arrived at the SS office, where they were joined by a sixth, and sat down in the doorway. When I spoke to Ann Fetter--one of the demonstrators--on the phone, she mentioned that she had been somewhat worried that, with only sit-ins at the huge Federal Bldg., they might have been completely ignored until closing time. Fortunately, however, the police finally arrived, roughly dragging two men off. They then returned for the remaining four.

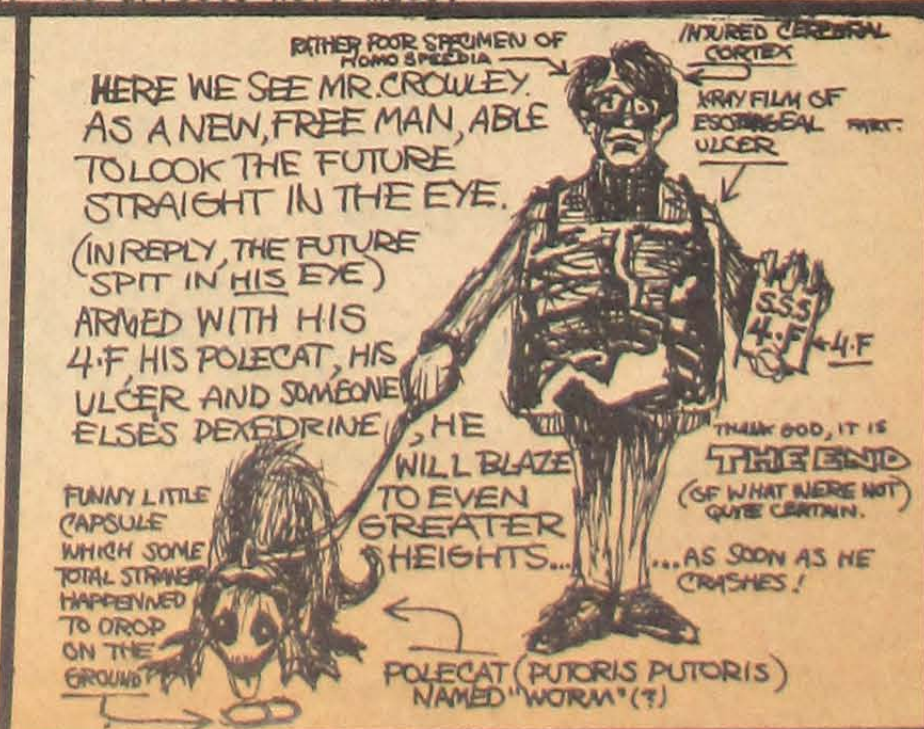
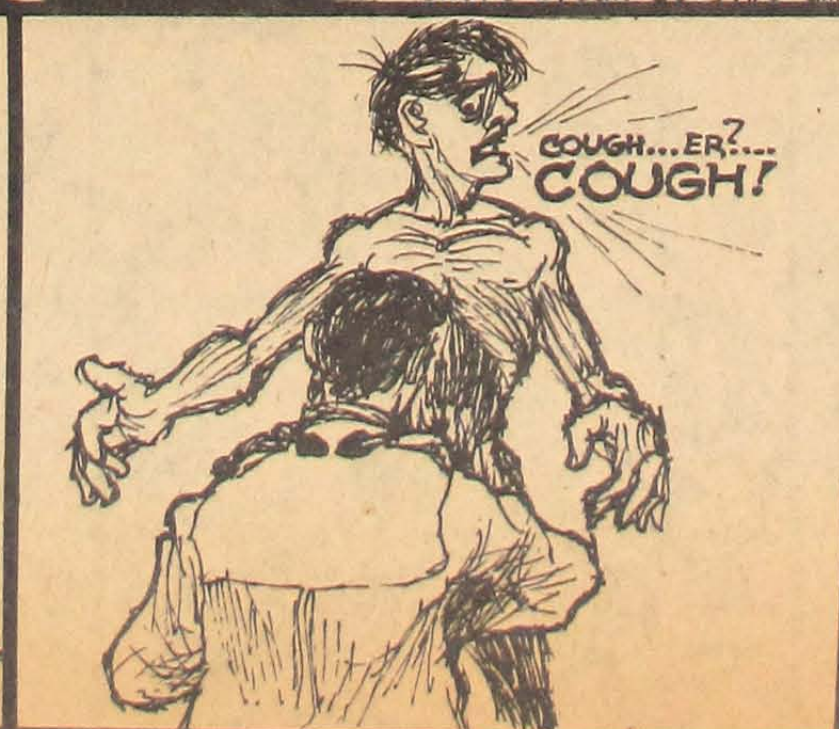
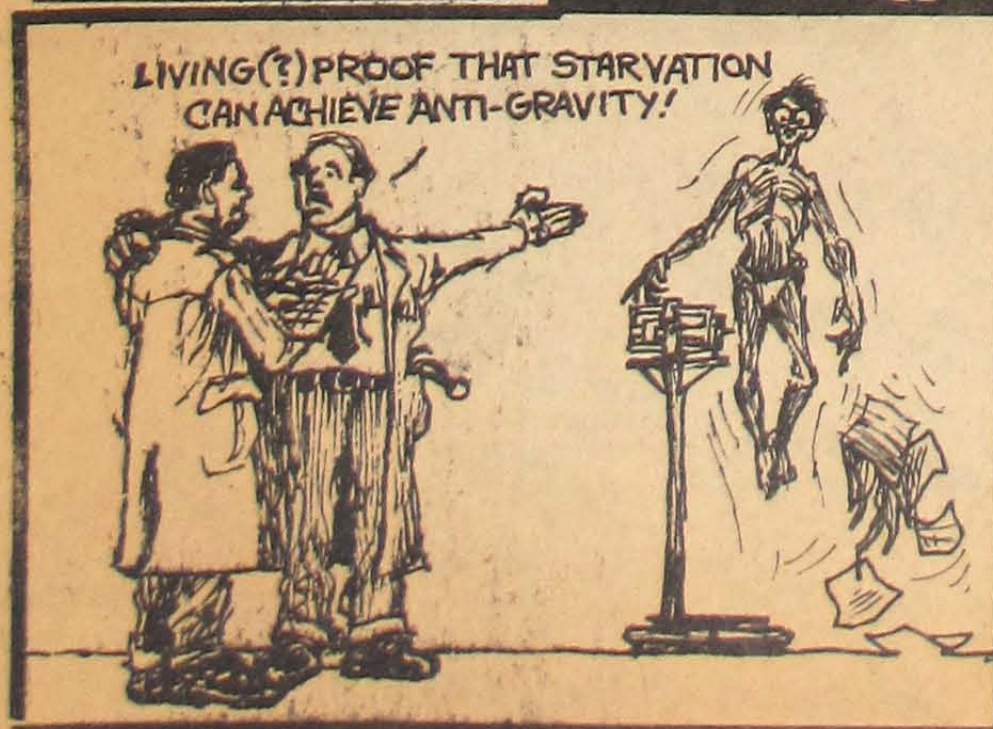
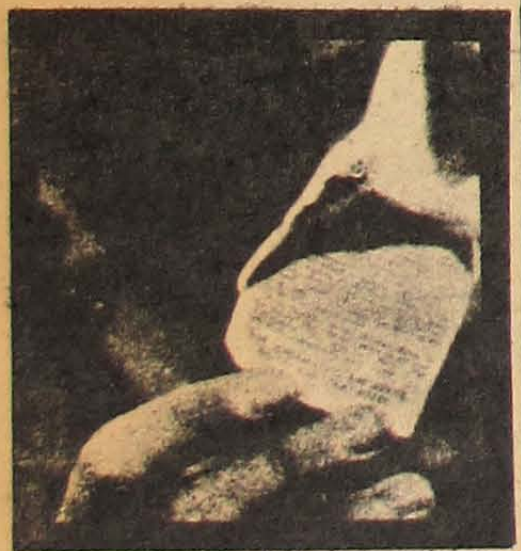
One of the four was arrested, the other five were released just outside the building. They went back in and sat down again, being joined by two more people. The police patiently hauled them out again.

This went round and round for a while. Finally the police decided they'd had enough and made arrests on charges of unlawful assembly.

The city unlawful assembly law, long a free form lettre de cachet for dealing with undesirables, was declared unconstitutional in the recent Wyatt and Holly case. Fortunately for the police, a similar state law still stands. The ACLU has, therefore, taken the case.

Trial is set for Nov. 3rd.

Back at the DR, five people burned their draft cards during a short break at 9:40 am. No arrests were made.





(photos: Wash. Free Press)

ft lewis

Private Theodore Jerome Saed III is now facing eleven years in Leavenworth for daring to pass out anti-war literature to his fellow G.I.'s. The charges against Pvt. Saed are built up around the fact that he has epilepsy - it is now a crime to be sick in the army!

Pvt. Saed was drafted last October. He first showed signs of epilepsy when he was home for Christmas. His mother took him to Mather AFB where he went into a catatonic seizure in front of the doctor.

At this point, Pvt. Saed should have been given a medical discharge but the army had a better answer - they gave him his orders to go to Vietnam. Todd was stationed at Fort Lewis and had been suffering from blackouts for the last few months.

After getting his orders to go to Vietnam, he had another blackout. The first thing he remembers is that he was on a bus going to Sacramento where his mother lives. When he arrived he was in such bad condition that his mother took him to Travis AFB where the doctor said that he was a catatonic schizophrenic and sent to Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco. At Letterman he started to go

into a seizure while the doctor was treating him, but the doctor said that he was completely normal and returned him to Fort Lewis for active duty!

By this time it was obvious to Pvt. Saed that the army was not going to help him, but was only trying to get rid of him by sending him to Vietnam. He refused to return to active duty and was busted. He is now in the stockade in maximum security facing a general court martial around October 25.

Pvt. Saed is not in the stockade because he has epilepsy. The charges against him (AWOL 3 days, insubordination, refusing an order) are being used as an excuse for busting him because of his anti-war views. The army is getting more and more up-tight about anti-war GI's as the war gets worse for them. Pvt. Saed needs all the support he can get, especially from other anti-war GI's. His address follows. Anyone can write to him, but he can send only a small number of letters out.

Pvt. Theodore Jerome Saed III
US 56825069
Bldg. 61450
Fort Lewis, Washington

social catharsis: the social enema

Oct 21: Resistance Theater lives. About fifteen of us trooped down to the Federal Building demonstration to strike a dramatic blow for the NLF and/or humility in the American Left.

Short rehearsal before the demonstration got into full swing; people snatched for lines, a small crowd gathered. A small musical interlude - "Johnson Rag" with my harp and a 12 string; I was given a sign reading "Token Negro," and assured that I wouldn't have to speak any lines.

Shouts from the right: a small knot of high school kids, service men, and bike hoods who hadn't heard about the truce, charged past us waving flags, shouting and looking fully as motley as we. 12 string player packed up his ax and huddled around it maternally: stomp, if you must...this poor young head...

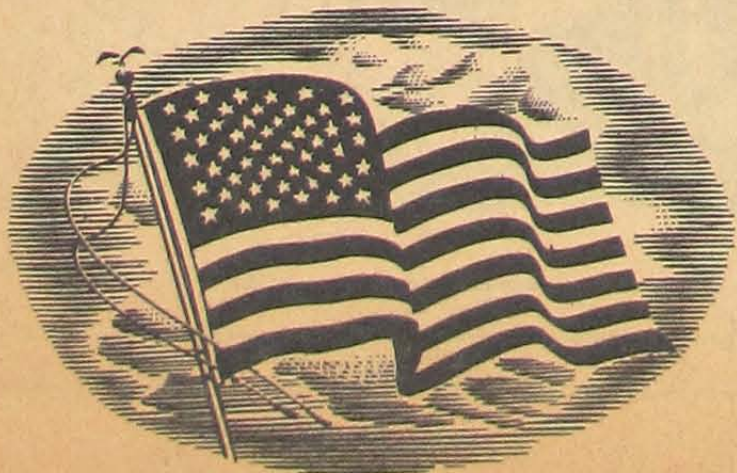
We dispersed. Maybe ten servicemen came by donning leather gloves. Half of them were spade; I copped out and took off my sign. It wasn't really anti-Negro, but I didn't know how perceptive they might be...

Speeches followed. Afterwards we ran up and started to do our thing. LYNDIA: "Daddy! The Marine got away; we was funnin' in the Gold Bedroom an he clumb down the ivy. Can I have another one, huh daddy?" Shouts, again from the right. More and more people ran into the stage: someone got a cop who may well have saved my head from being broken. The show was pushed half-way into the audience, but Went On.

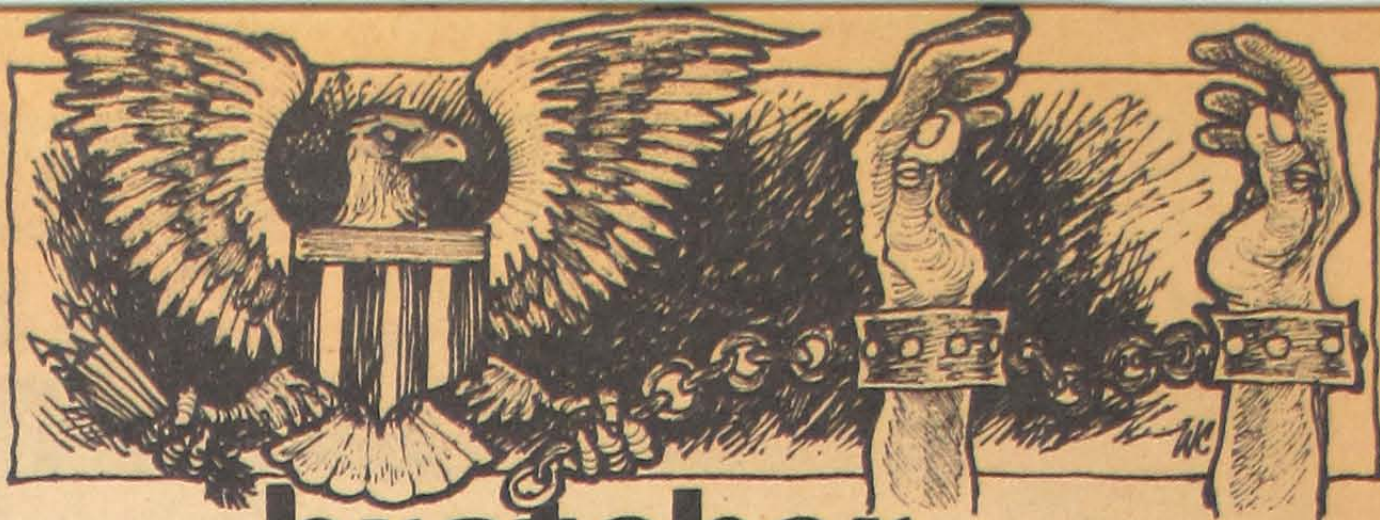
Finale: rousing rendition of "Johnson Rag" - "Escalate Escalate Escalate," with a Shirley Temple soft shoe. No guitar, the crowd was still ugly. We left, somehow getting past a knot of servicemen waiting for us in their playful little GI Joe ways, at the gate.

It seemed to be a success. Another play is planned. (Contact R. Downey, c/o Helix.)

DESTROY HELIX



A PAID ADVERTISEMENT



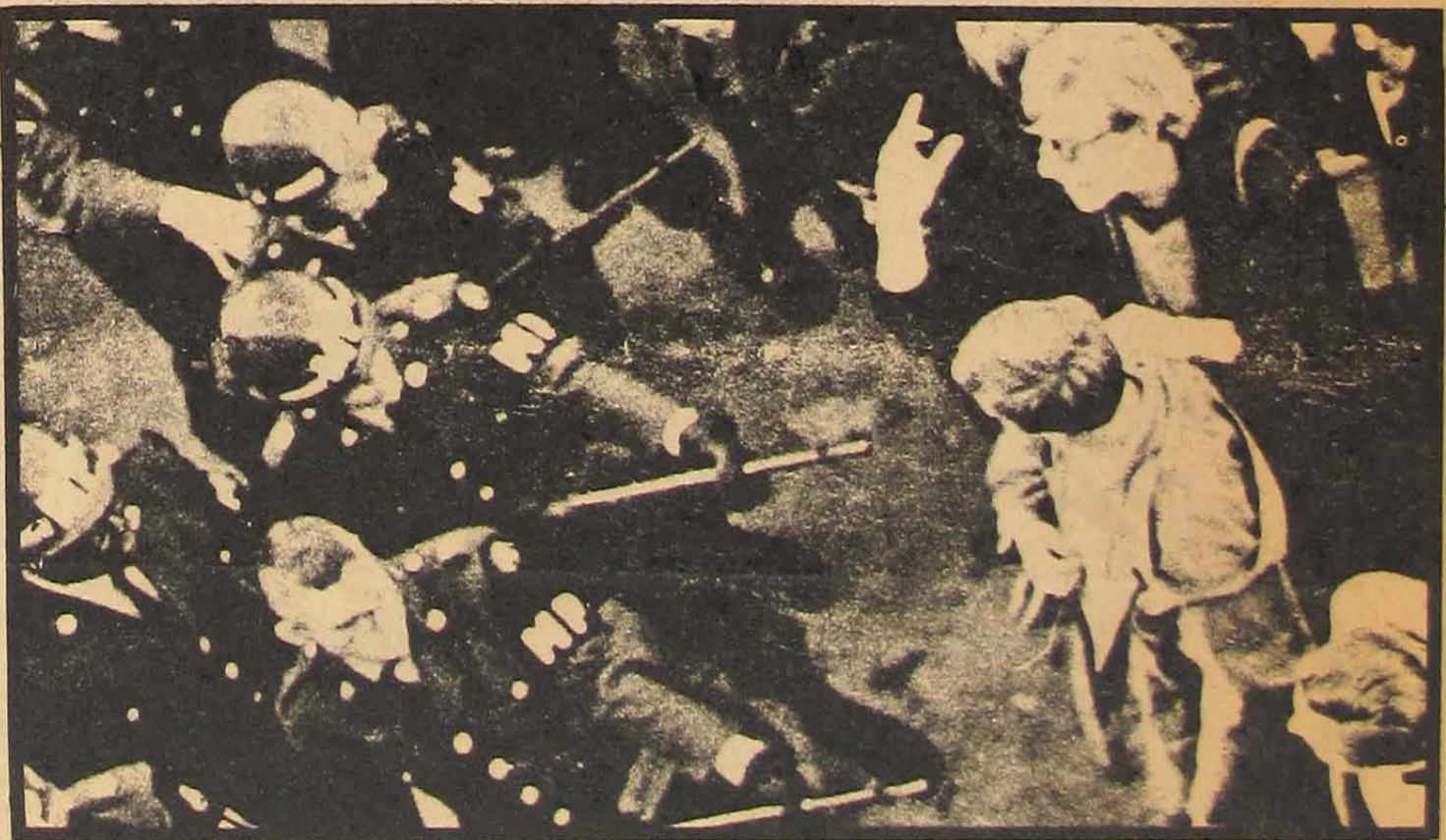
bratcher

If this nation - within this decade - is not able to look back at the entire Bratcher debacle and others like it and understand and regret its incredible injustice, then it is doomed to be either split apart, systematically oppressed, or condemned to repeat the same callous rituals of moral bloodletting and inhuman scapegoating. The same that victimized Bratcher.

The P-I runs the head like this, FT. LEWIS OBJECTOR GETS FOUR YEARS. It is understandable that the CONSCIENTIOUS was forgotten. Its has been from the time of Bratcher's decision that because of conscience he could not stay in the Army. Now, exhausted he has coped the plea. Col. Cecil L. Cutler asked "Do you plead guilty because you, in your own mind, feel you are guilty?" Bratcher answered "Yes, Sir." We don't know what was in Bratcher's head when he made the reply, but knowing him we can make a guess.

Bratcher said "I quit." At first, he did not file for a 1-0. He would not play the army game. Since the escalation no one but the army has been winning it. The number of co's who have made their decision of conscience while in the services and who have been released is infinitesimal. There is no doubt of the moral and even strategic or practical insanity in taking such a route. A CO does not apply for review of his conscience. Bratcher said, instead, "I quit." It was then that he went on a hunger strike. The Army wanted to keep it quiet, of course. We learned of the whole thing from a friend and so decided to tell the local press. (The Press has done it up rather big. The consummating headline you see above was run Front Page.) Bratcher was brought to military trail for disregarding an order. Only because the defense was so inept was he found innocent. But, of course, Bratcher still would not cooperate. So a deal was made. After things quieted down the Army agreed to discharge Bratcher. It was not stated, but it was implied. So Bratcher filed for his CO (1-0) and both General Hershey and Bratcher's chaplain agreed that he was, indeed, a 1-0. Bratcher filed for his 1-0, but what came back was a compromise: a 1-A-0. This meant that he would not be discharged. Rather he would be placed in non-combatant service. This "compromise" was, however, a compromise of conscience to Bratcher. He simply could not have anything to do with the military. He was a CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR. He, again, did not cooperate and so was put in the stockade. Now he had potentially 11 years hanging over his kind of head. The ACLU - which had represented him earlier - took his case to civil court. There was not much precedence for this but it occurred to the good council that any governmental decision is reviewable in federal court. Perhaps out of the military setting there might be some interest in protecting Bratcher's kind of conscience. There wasn't. Servo-mechanism Judge Boldt of Federal District Court announced that "without conceivable question he (Bratcher) has a legal duty as a citizen to obey all laws whether he likes them or not." With that Boldt revealed positive uninterest in conscience. And in our mind flashes images of Thoreau in jail and Eichmann in a glass cage.

Exhausted and systematically screwed by Army "deals" Bratcher ironically made one last "deal". Instead of 11 years of hard labor in Leavenworth and a dishonorable discharge for conscience's sake it would be four years of hard labor in Leavenworth and a dishonorable discharge for conscience's sake. AS A CO Bratcher had a Cosmic sense of humor. In the midst of the involuted gear-bumping of servo-mechanisms, Bratcher laughed at the game by playing it. Bratcher replied "Yes, Sir." Bratcher who could laugh with the gods in him at all this clumsy bumping of men lost in serious hate, was - as a man - living now at this time in this world involved in its guilt. At once he was in it and beyond it. But that, like any moral irony will not give him many little laughs in Leavenworth.



If you too are disgusted with the party line tripe continuously fed to Seattle via the misnomer of a hippy paper, the HELIX, there is hope. If one bears in mind the simple fact that all "cultural" enterprises (into which category HELIX does fit) are fundamentally only a sublimination of the basic sex drive resulting from intense frustration, the problem of how to destroy HELIX becomes blatantly evident. We suggest that if you are attractive, you donate your body to the cause of sexually exhausting the Helix staff thereby saving both them and you from a life of misery.

The Staff: Mon Cul

Editors note:

We accepted this trashy advertisement from Mon Cul solely because we do not believe in discrimination against any minority group, even them. I would like to make it clear however that it is the last time we will accept this kind of garbage. And I would further like to suggest to those persons who might have just come straight to the office and attack one of us that we are quite busy already so if you must chose a name from the staff list and make arrangements by phone

MY NAME IS PAUL.

Eagles Aud.

THE DOORS

NOV. 10-11



The Law Of Love

is that Law which places the welfare and the concern and the feelings for others above self.

The Law of Love is that close affinity with all forces that you associate with as good.

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SEATTLE ART MUSEUM

Some time last year, the Washington, D. C., painter, Frank Stella, had a showing of his recent work at the Seattle Art Museum. Today, and through December 3, even though the name of the show has changed to the 53rd Annual Exhibition of Northwest Artists, the ghost of Frank Stella, like Hamlet's father, haunts the gallery. The influence that Stella's seemingly haphazard geometrical canvases has had on area artists is obvious in at least six of the paintings in the show and peripherally in several more. Although Stella's ghost is the most obvious one, the reincarnations of a dozen other east coast painters and two or three west coast artists also sit in reigning position on these walls. There is a piece of welded steel sculpture which is more than just a little reminiscent of Davis Smith, a painting extremely similar to Larry Poons, several three-dimensional shaped canvases much like the work of Roger Hinman, two works clearly in the style and influence of Robert Rauschenberg, and on and on until only about eight works are left standing on their own feet.

Although the artists in the northwest are generally somewhere else, the jury which judged this show knew original and unique art when it saw it. The purchase prize acrylic, "Perimeter," by Joan Balzar, for instance, indicates both a mastery of the medium and a sense of visual distortion at the limits or perimeter of vision which subtly shocks the viewer. "Combine XXIV" by Charles Daugherty, a small and again subtle work, is a box with a succession of photos on plastic much like the photographs taken in the 1890's by Eakins and Muybridge. What is original about this work is not the vision that is seventy years old, but its transformation into a new medium, plastic. John Geise's self-contained light bulb in a plastic cubicle is another one of the simple but unique moments of perception which, unlike imitation, makes art. It makes the viewer stop, think, and ask questions. What more can art do? A final work which did not win a prize, Jimmie Faulkner's shaped canvas, "Construction III," also stands out in this show in that it, unlike any of the other shaped or sculpted canvases, extends the meaning of the form by transcending it, by going beyond its own media.

But the majority of the other painters and sculptors represented in this show have not yet gotten the point. To be sincere, to be felt as true, a work of art must be a mirror reflecting the uniqueness of the artist who created it. To hold a mirror to yourself and have it reflect something that looks very much like Frank Stella painted it is not honest.

ed varney

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Steve Gilles of Pt. Townsend please contact Mom
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New Trems News explores transvestism, equal
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The Free University is working on classes for
next quarter. If you have any classes, ideas,
suggestions, whatever, call the Free U -
ME 2 2299. General membership meeting Sun.
Nov. 3.

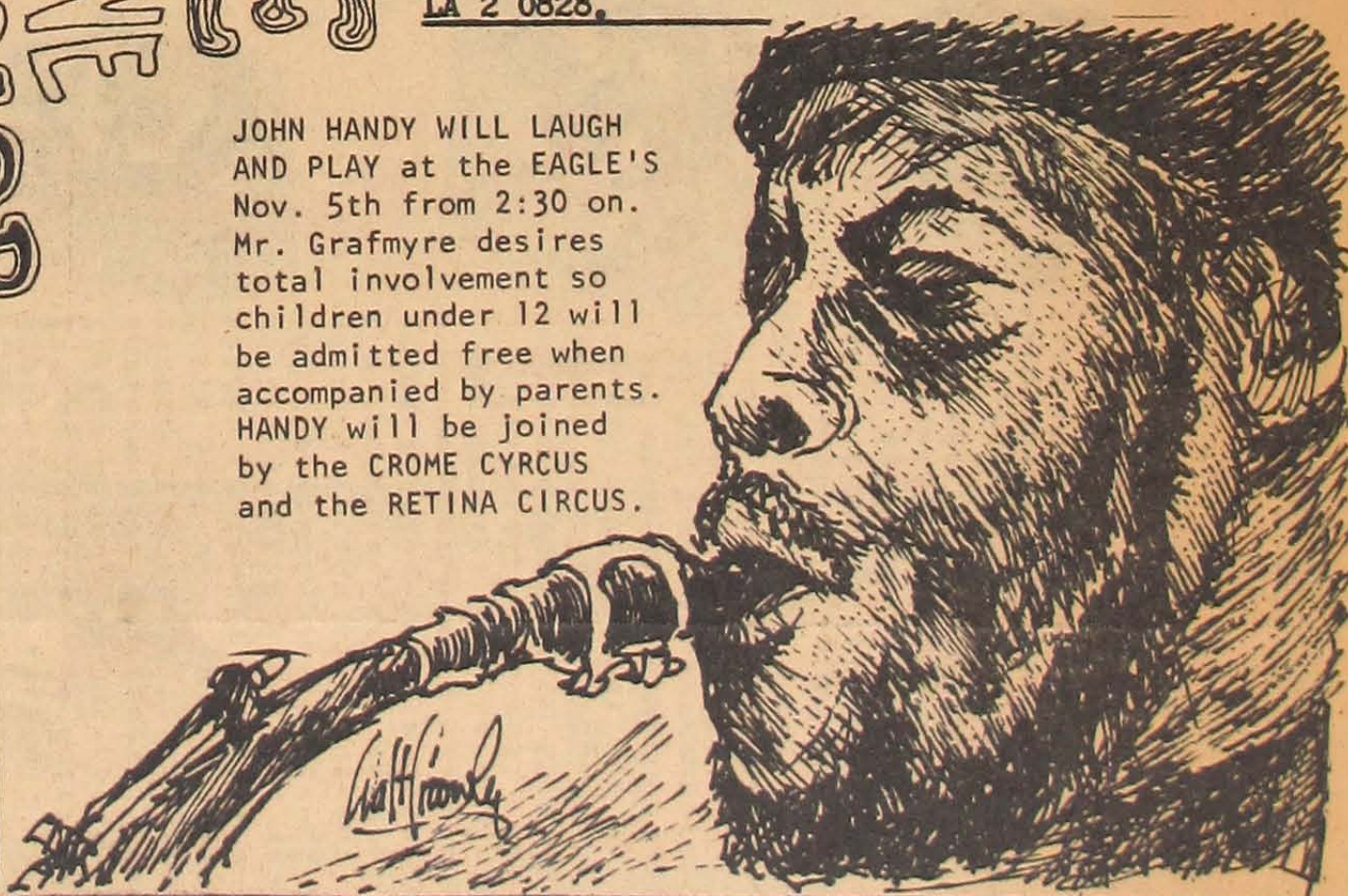
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we forgot.
Sally

acid-test

erronious (eg: the Post article on LSD), cannot be stopped by its refutation (eg: the actual feelings of the researchers upon whose findings Post fabricated their article). Even now in our elementary schools there are quotes from that blatantly sensationalistic and factually misinformed article.

Communications is a funny thing. On different pages of the PI we find these two statements. "Three scientists at the U. of Cal., Berkeley have challenged the validity of research purporting to show that LSD damages the genetic material of human beings". "It has been established scientifically and without equivocation that the use of LSD has been shown to break chromosomes".

Communications is a funny thing. Suspected LSD suicide all over the front pages. One paragraph filler on page 53; "Over 300,000 people will die from complications due to cigarette smoking in 1967".

Communications is a funny thing. It has been established statistically that information once released, no matter how

tv 2 c

Starting next Sunday, Nov. 5
CBS news will present a four

part series on the crises of our time. The pilot program for community feedback was produced by CBS under the advisement of Robert Theobald (HELIX Vol 2 No 2). It is intended to present significant new material on what is happening in our country that different community groups will watch, discuss, and report back to CBS who will compile a new series based on this feedback and new information. This is a remarkable opportunity to involve yourself with a radical new approach towards national problems. That's Sunday, channel 7 at 8:30 AM.

Open!! clinic

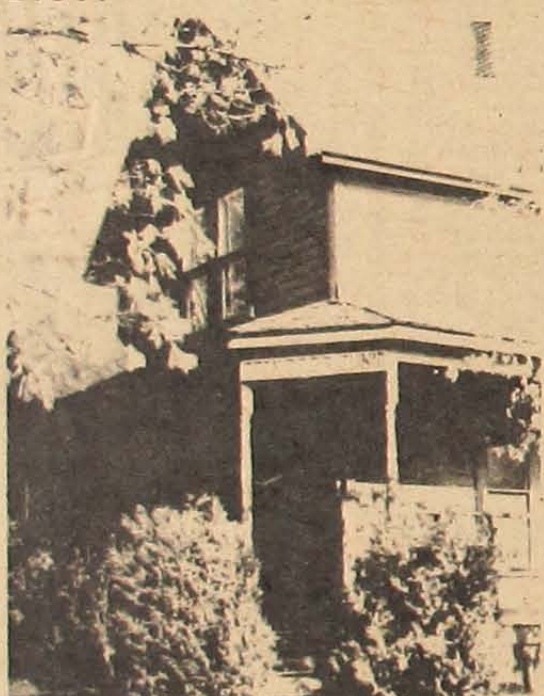


The Open Door Clinic's Dispensary, soon to be in full operation under a medical staff of doctors, interns, medical corpsmen, and nurses will provide diagnostic and general practice services. Counseling services are handled by a staff of psychiatrists, social workers, clergymen, and concerned laymen. The emphasis, according to Mrs. Kirshner, is on creating a therapeutic community involving a continuing effort between the clinic, those who have been helped, and those seeking help.

Inquiries concerning Planned Parenthood are also encouraged at the clinic, and a program will be set up at the earliest possible date. All the work of the clinic is confidential and initiated at the request of the client. Cases will be referred to hospitals only in medical emergencies and when there are no resources to handle the problem at the clinic.

ME 4-1330, the Open Door Clinic, at 3800-12th N.E., is now operating 24 hours a day to assist drug users with medical aid, counseling, and bum-trip rescue.

The clinic's volunteer staff, sorely in need of financial assistance to keep the project on its feet, is sponsoring a benefit dance this Friday, November 3, from 8 to 12, at Eagles Auditorium, 7th and Union. For only \$1.50 you can witness the Chrome Syrcus, the Magic Fern, the Blues Interchange, and Hawk's Other World, plus lights by the Retina Circus. All this for only \$1.50.



The clinic is not free, but money is not considered the only fee acceptable. Since the clinic is a therapeutic community of many kinds of people, one who has received assistance may in turn help others, or volunteer for other duties around the clinic.

Whether this cooperative effort between so many hip, medical, and counseling people can survive will be a good measure of Seattle's maturity regarding its view of the hip scene.

bail fund



One of the grossest inadequacies of our judicial system is the advantages it gives to the well-heeled accused. He can both get the "best" lawyer and put up the bail, while the prisoner with little or no assets is left to take the lawyer provided him and frequently must flounder in jail waiting.

That this injustice is almost universally recognized is testified by the strange line-up of sponsors of the newly created bail project in Seattle Municipal courts. Bedfellows Chief Ramon and ACLU attorney Mike Rosen are accompanied by John Junker, U.W. law professor, infamous Robert Stern of UDM-UM, and about 30 University of Washington law students. The bail project is so designed that now all of the accused waiting for trial yet unable to meet the bail will be able to be released on personal recognizance. And they won't have to put up the money. They do, however, have to have community ties. Law students will interview the prisoners and their recommendation will largely determine whether or not the prisoners are released until trial date.

Although out of some peculiar prejudice of our own we doubt whether Uncle Frank will be pleased with our compliments, we do nonetheless wish to compliment the good chief. From the start he has been very cooperative. He has not only allowed but insisted that the students tour the jail and learn the facts that would best facilitate what he openly admits is an excellent project.

"The motorcycle of inner space. Art as a wheeled ghost not returning with a message from a world that has not yet come into existence. Clumsy speed that gives the lack of support that we need to feel the inside of change. No dimension."

A Berkeley girl was charged with assault with a deadly weapon when she hit a policeman with a 12 foot stuffed effigy of Johnson, the President.

For the infinitely distant taken as a whole in all directions—as it were, the infinite sphere of space—being of infinite radius, is no longer a sphere at all in the ordinary sense (just as a sphere contracted to a point is no longer a true sphere); it is a plane.



THE HIP JOB CORP. is back in business. Sort of. Their latest problem is more jobs than people to fill them. The jobs range from one-shot trips to full time; babysitter to carpenter; artist to typist. Still no charge. Still operating out of the Helix office. Often, rather than waiting for the establishment to come across with jobs, the Corp is creating jobs to match the skills of the people who come in. Anyone who can do anything or has an idea and is in need of coin or contacts, should get in touch with Rahmi at EA 2 0443.

The police now have a chemical aerosol can to replace billyclubs. Affectionately called "Peacemaker" phenyl-methyl chloro ketone, a highly refined form of cyanide, can render a rioter or disorderly person unconscious for up to 30 minutes.

L.A. Free Press *****

LBJ upstages Caligula*



In the next issue HELIX will publish a free listing of events - like the Scenedrome in the Barb and Around Town in the Free Press ...So if you are having a nude party/a free feeding/a gallery opening/a lecture on Zen Microbes/dance/lites/drama/movie/and any THING you do want other people to come dig for free or for money... call the Helix EA 20443 all messages must be called in before 6 PM on the Monday before publication which is every other Thursday.

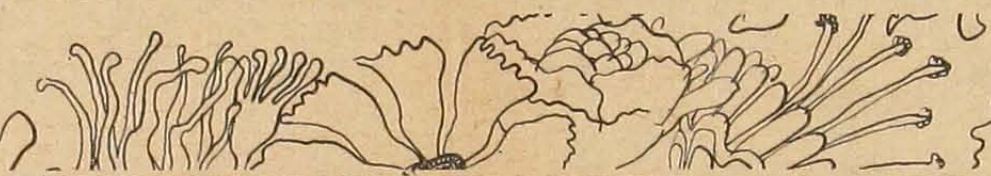


GET 'EM Huge



Barracks at Newell (Tule Lake) California, which held 20,000 Japanese-Americans during World War II. Now used by itinerant farm workers, but the Federal Government has right of re-entry on 24 hours notice. They could hold an estimated 8 to 10,000 "subversives."

UNITED STATES CONCENTRATION CAMPS ARE READY! ARE YOU?



Does anyone remember the crash house? They were collecting coin all summer long on the streets and the be-ins. Remember now? They were plugged by the paper several times, promoted by the job corps and basic needs. Remember?

They found a house up on Capitol Hill, got a beautiful deal on it, had collected many pieces of silver with which to kick it into shape. They had people managing it, people working on it, people sleeping there, and people pouring time and muscle into supporting it in the hope that it would be around this winter when the wind started hassling bare feet soaked with rain--that was all happening two months ago. Most of us remember all of this. Does anyone know who was in charge--does anyone remember a name, a face.

This much: the old hip job corps started the idea when the sub-thing of basic needs got going through a couple of heads from California. The California people faded out, job corps was about to drop it, when a teacher from Shoreline picked it up and actually found a place that would work as a crash house: 1238 Fir Street East.

Vagueness starts here: it was reported at the time the house was picked up that there was five hundred dollars "in the account" that could be used to fix the place up. That was required inasmuch as the house would be rent-free only as long as the occupants were continuing to improve things, which was not long--less than a month later, the owner had the occupants on the street.

Poof--the house is no more, although it is now apparent that the owner had no legal right to kick anyone out. The "account" which was said to have consisted of five hundred was revealed to contain less than fifty, and the people involved in the collecting of the funds, as well as the monitoring of the "account" and the occupants have vanished. Half-names of some people are remembered, not much else.

The continued escalation of the unpopular Vietnam war and revolt in the Negro ghettos has created renewed concern over the ability of the President to declare an "internal security emergency" and, using the authority granted him by the McCarran Act of 1950, to cause the immediate arrest and detention in camps of "potential spies and saboteurs" with the same lack of due process that applied to the Japanese detainees in World War Two.

It is now alleged by a writer that one million so-called "Detention Warrants" have already been printed.

Charles R. Allen, Jr., the journalist who first broke the story of the actual existence of the camps in a 1952 series of articles in "The Nation" and "The New Statesman" claims in a new issue of his pamphlet "Concentration Camps U.S.A., Marzani and Munsell, N.Y., 70¢ that there is in existence a "Master Pick-Up List" to which corrections and additions are constantly being made through the computer of the FBI's National Crime Information Center. Allen also claims, based on a recent tour of the sites in the chart on this page that construction work is going on at some of these sites and that on 24 separate occasions right-wing Congressmen have unsuccessfully asked that the camps be activated.

When the McCarran Act was first passed, President Truman vetoed it, measure with the observation that this measure "put the government into the thought-control business." His veto was not sustained in Congress, however, because of the hysteria of the McCarthy period. Photos and charts on this page are from Allen's pamphlet.



Crash

The results of this brave experiment in love and co-operation are just what any establishment-jockey would have predicted them to be: nothing. There is no house, no money, no people; the scene is out both the cash and the potential without even the satisfaction of knowing what was going on. So call it a very expensive education in the disadvantages of bad communications. Meanwhile, a lot of good people will be (are) sleeping in alleys and back yards. Meanwhile, your living room floor is wasted every night. Meanwhile, those sentiments so easy to espouse this summer, when there was no chance of being called on them, vanish as the house itself did. The prediction, had it been made, now becomes complete -- we now have no house, no hassle, no guilt, nothing.

If you can provide for a CRASHER call the OPEN DOOR CLINIC. ME 4 1331. A spare room with a mattress, a basement with a cot. Just a night's crash for somebody who needs it that night.



Billy the Kid, the american dream hero, hyper-masculine killer of men, boyish seducer of women, vain proud cocksure sits in Heaven/Hell timeless purgatory and tears at Jean Harlow's underwear with his mind. The eternal game of man/woman repeated to the ends of time, 'We're free. We are really here. This is it, baby. WE ARE DIVINE. COME stroke my PRICK!'

"The Beard", a play by Michael McLure, beleaguered and hounded around the Bay Area by DAs, Vice Squads and morals sleuths, is struggling to production here in Seattle. The play tears the pretensions of beauty, nobility, even the Humanity, from the sex/game/war, as dead mythical figures climb to Godhood in the final mindless climax. Game lines are repeated and repeated in boredom, roles of man and woman reversed, motives bared to skin, and ego/body conflicts surge and strain-time suspended witheld as the game proceeds and the obscenities strike deeper and deeper.

Unfortunately, those who control theater spaces in this city are not ready to allow their audiences the intense inspection of their sexual hangups that the play demands. Andy Gaters, Latvian romantic poet and director of "Viet Rock" last spring at the Edge, has been trying to bring the Beard to production since last July. His first female lead was towed away by an irate family. His present heroine hides behind the stage name of Mona Shankar. Gaters has been refused access or sponsorship of the Beard by the Ensemble Theater, The Edge, and Simon Frazier University in Vancouver BC under the pretense that the play was not a "valid form" and was contrary to their image. Even the so-called experimental branch of UW drama, Theater One, decided that the play offended their woeful sensitivities. Both Judith Shapiro of SDS and Chuck Tremble of the Dance Committee agreed to have their organizations sponsor the play in a University theater but representatives of the Board of Control and the Deans Office banned it from University property. The Eagle's Auditorium intends to produce the play with an original score by the Chrome Syrcus but not until it has been staged elsewhere, that is, gotten advance publicity and has been busted or cleared by the City Porno-Sniffers.

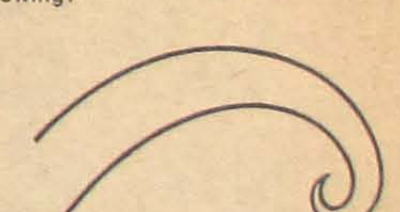
Gaters feels that the play "throws the whole game syndrome in the audience's face, and then..in the end.. boom...no more games. It blasts them with the freedom of the mind in the most direct way sexually..it gets to the instincts."

by t harvey

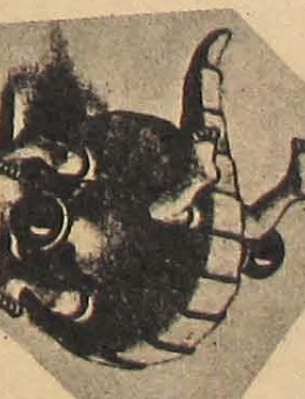
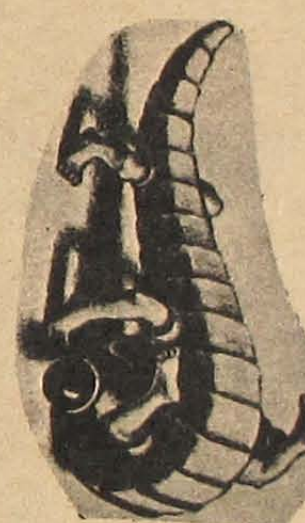
"I wish you could remember her name." "I can't. I never knew it."



"The sexual embrace, if abstracted and reduced to its basic form, represents superimposition and the bio-energetic fusion of two organic systems. Its basic form is the following:"



12345



ellensburg

There is no new news from Ellensburg. With the coming of winter in the turning of seasons we can expect the release of more of the pot-prisoners but we can not expect that the "scene" there will relax out of its paranoia. As one Central Student put it, "Why I'm here I am not sure. The city of Ellensburg isn't either. It's foolishness for a head of any sort to stick it out." That graphically exhibits the inhibiting effect of a small mono-minded community. In effect, the consistently solid citizens of Ellensburg have been behind Judge Cole all the way. They too are suspicious of the college there and predictably, like any small community, dependent financially upon an "Institution of higher learning," they scapegoat upon Central Washington State many of their community problems.

Regarding the wise dexterity that inevitable social change requires, they are simply out of it. Except for what they pick up on TV.

Community "Hero Tom Pratt," arresting officer in last Spring's giant pot bust of Central Students, has so ritualized his methods that no one should get busted if he is careful. He simply gets a good friend to fink. Good friend Roxanne Gray and Good friend Sharon Techer--both of whom finked last Spring--have consequently received a good deal of static from their fellow students. No threatening notes just boos in the cafeteria and that sort of thing. Recently there were rumors of another big bust. A mimeo'd warning was passed out on campus and the Pratt-plot died--if Pratt was plotting. The administration also put out a little paper for all the students warning them of the disadvantages in being a felon and how Cole-Justice would likely be even tougher next time around. Heads are, consequently, very careful in Ellensburg.

Kilpatrick, Minzell, and Runyan--those among the convicted who had to be resentenced because Judge Cole made a technical mistake--have now been resentenced and are now still at the Shelton diagnostic center being once again diagnosed. It is hoped that they will not have to serve more than thirteen or fourteen months.

The released and the later-to-be-released can expect the usual. Old friends calling them up asking them to turn-on. Police calling them up asking them to inform. And sometimes shy and sometimes malicious stares from old acquaintances. An interesting problem will ensue for them. Judge Cole has made as part of their probation prescriptions that they shall not associate with each other or with any other known users. This apparently means that they must ask of all whom they meet whether or not they have tasted of pot's illicit sweets and if so whether or not they have been found out. We suggest that Cole's admonishments are success-safe--considering the number of heads these days.



Take your cake,

If there is any single thing that exemplifies the absurdity of life in modern America, it is our attitudes towards sex. It is an inherent paradox of our cultural hypocrisy that not only do we need prostitution, but we also need to "put it down." It's a strange society where people get a vicarious orgasm reading Playboy, chuckle about going out "on the sly", and go home feeling guilty. This in turn frustrates the individual's relationship with his spouse.

The legal and religious institutionalization of sex as an exclusive act of the marriage contract is sick. Man, for all his supposed intelligence, is the only animal that has the basic insecurity and cumulative insanity to precipitate problems that don't exist in nature. Because we have defined premarital and extra-marital relationships (and even fantasies of them) as being categorically wrong, it is virtually impossible to grow up having healthy sex experiences. This drastically affects attitudes toward sex so that very few people ever have fulfilling relationships. Most people go through life masturbating with each other, using each other. The prevalent attitude on campuses seems to be to get laid as much as possible, to do something to a chick rather than with her. I would suggest that when people start really having fulfilling sex relationships, that it becomes a little more revered and a little less abused. It is indicative of the dominant culture's attitudes that they equate free love with promiscuity.

But even as they have their self-righteous hypocritical bullshit about sex, so also do they have their prostitution. And since it is a product of the dominant culture that is so appalled by liberal sex attitudes, Charlie Taylor and I went to interview a prostitute.

Lorraine is a cute slender chick with blond hair this week. She is 23, married, been in the business since she was 18, and currently makes between \$300 and \$400 per week, just working afternoons. She was quite bright, very glib, and by her own admission something of an exception:

"I think I'm a little different from the average girl; most of them look at it strictly as a job. I tend to get involved with the people; if they're a good lay they're a good lay and I enjoy it. I like people and I like sex. A lot of the prostitutes really can't stand men. I would say that probably 75% of them are either lesbians or on drugs, mostly speed".

Lorraine works an apartment setup with three to four other girls and several that are "on call". She considers her working conditions pretty near ideal, the cut is 60/40 rather than 50/50 and only a minimum amount of drinking is allowed. This is not, however, typical.

"Most places and most women you work for actually are fairly greedy and pretty rough to take."

With this short background let's move to the back of Charlie's camper and pick up on the interview.



INTERVIEW

Helix: What are the best cities for prostitutes to work?

Lorraine: I think actually Seattle and Portland. I don't know much about Denver and in through there, but the east coast is pretty bad. San Francisco and Los Angeles aren't too good anymore. This area is just about the best right now because we get more money than anybody else. Seattle hasn't opened up that much yet, like in California. There's so many \$5 and \$10 girls there that even go out on calls you can't run any competition. Generally in Seattle it's \$25 minimum on up. In our operation it's \$30 for a half hour and \$50 for an hour. Now sometimes you throw in a package deal \$250 for all night or \$100 for three hours of dinner, dancing, and bed."

H.....: How would you typify your clients?

L.....: They're above average, what I mean by this is doctors, attorneys, small business owners, all middle-aged average businessmen. Most of them married. We kind of cater to those with the most money.

H.....: How do they treat you?

L.....: Most of them are very nice, they treat you with a lot of respect.

H.....: You have indicated that you cater to the middle class business community, how much of that community do you think makes use of the service?

L.....: I would estimate, from my experience, that at least 60 or 70 percent of them come to us and that another 20 percent have girlfriends.

H.....: Why do you think with so many customers that prostitution is still illegal?

L.....: Because of the churches and their wives.

H.....: Do you think any individuals who come to you would publicly advocate prostitution?

L.....: No. If they did they'd lose their little happy home, and all their friends, etc. There would go their whole life, so it would have to be done as a group.

H.....: Do you feel that this fear of being ostracized affects their other public attitudes, for instance do they confide unpopular opinions with you?

L.....: They discuss Johnson a lot...I mean nobody likes him. But Vietnam, it doesn't come up as much...I think that there are a lot of them opposed to it, I mean they are just normal people. So as far as any of them voicing their real opinion on anything (publicly) it's very doubtful.

H.....: What about the politics of prostitution, is there any payoff?

L.....: Sometimes...in fact, a lot of the time. Actually most of the time in one way or another there is, whether it be cash, or services rendered, or an important friend, or what have you.

H.....: How about police attitudes?

L.....: I don't think they have anything against us, in fact I think they kind of like us"

H.....: Is their goodwill related to sex relationships with the prostitutes?

L.....: True. I mean there HAS to be...I've known quite a few.

H.....: Do you think most women enjoy sex?

L.....: I think most women would but it's the mens' fault they don't. Men are lousy lovers. They're selfish, they have no knowledge of what a woman likes, and they don't even care. You never hear them say that the broad had a good time.

H.....: You'd say that most of them don't even get their noses wet? (laughter)

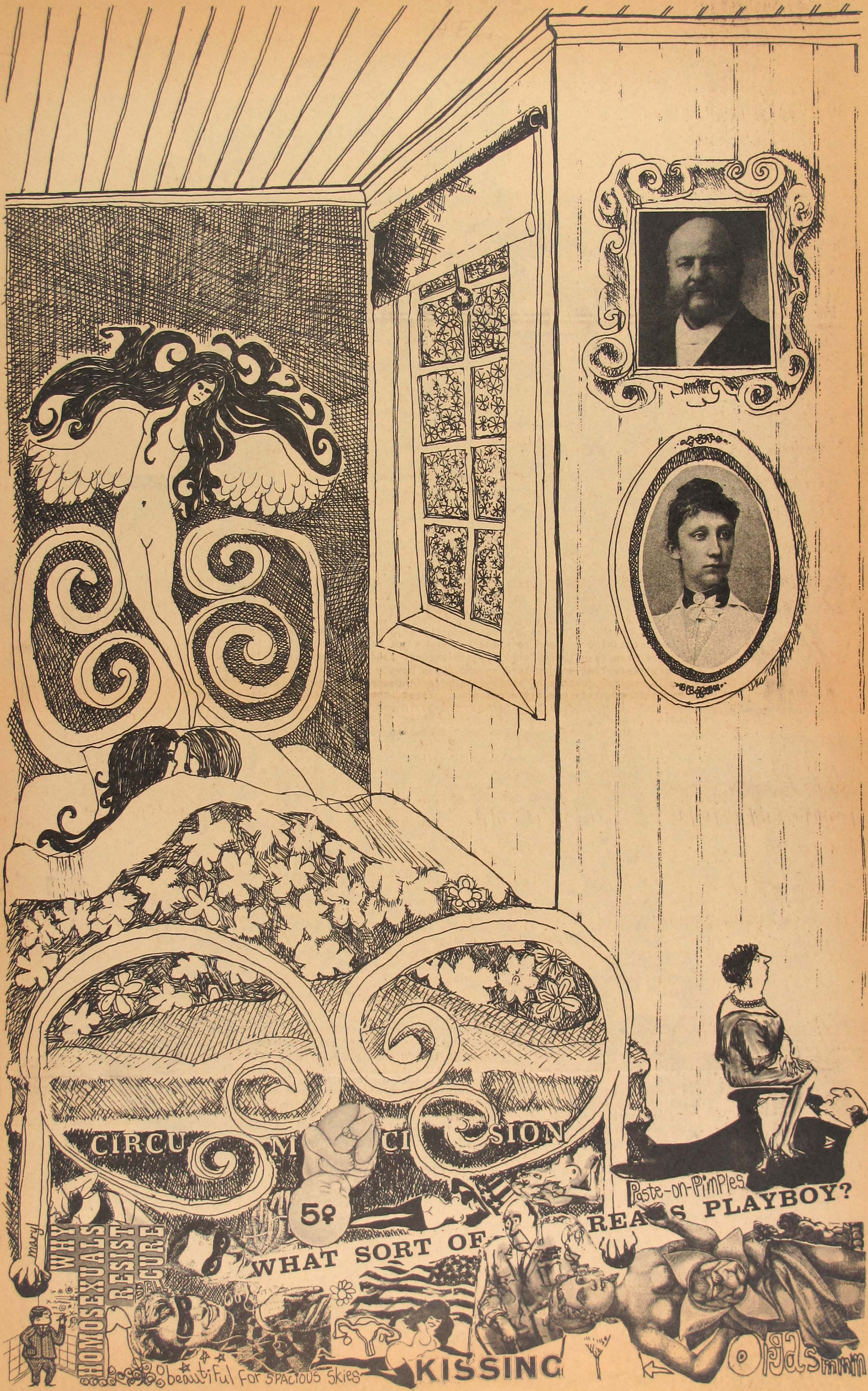
L.....: Most of them are afraid to do that anyway, UNLESS they go to a prostitute. Now that's different, then they can experiment, but to do something like that at home with their WIFE...heaven forbid. It's quite rank, the little ol' woman sits at home and doesn't even know what she's missing. Unless she's out chipping while her husband is doing the same thing...and she should be. Guys get tired of one woman too fast, but let's face it, it's their own fault for not being aggressive. If you're not you won't get what's there...it's so simple. I could count the good men I've had on my fingers. Hell, I never had an orgasm until my daughter was two years old. People are too inhibited, they won't let themselves go. Maybe they should all try a little dope or something...I just don't know.


At this point we got into a discussion that must be withheld so as not to identify certain individuals. We discovered that the hang-ups on sex pervaded even her relationships. She indicated that her husband would probably kill her if he thought she was going out on him for other than business purposes. As a parting gesture we asked her for any final comments she'd like to make.

"Aren't you going to ask how a nice girl like me got started, I always get that. (laughter) Prostitution is an aid to society, if there wasn't any there'd be a hell of a lot more rapes and maniacs running around...a lot more divorces. In fact I think we keep a lot more marriages together than we break up. What really irritates a prostitute is when you meet a square broad. They find out what you do and come on with "Oh my God, you're the first prostitute I ever met, I never knew one of YOU before." And we are really the same people they are, you know. How can you say that a prostitute is worse than a broad that goes out and picks up this man or that for a meal or a night on the town? They wouldn't consider themselves whores, but actually they're worse...they are just using people."

jack delay 79







DOVING FUCK BOOBY

I have been asked to say a few words concerning sex. First, I might mention here that sex is not dirty so much as moist fading to viscous. Second, sex is not necessary -- artificial insemination is Here! -- however it is sometimes useful. Not only can it serve to expand interpersonal unity to momentary infinity, but also sells a great deal of toothpaste. The latter point, though, is only indirectly relevant to the sexual act: a chick I know says you can have Ultra-white teeth and still be lousy in bed.

Sex is a major part of everyone's head; hardly a week goes by, dear reader, when it does not flit once across your mind. In view of this, it is somehow significant that one can walk down almost any crowded city street during the day, and not see even one couple who happen to be balling. (Once in a while, late at night, an old man may leap out of the bushes and expose himself to a nine year old girl; but this is not only sex, but at the root it is almost not-sex.) The rarity of public lovemaking might, of course, be due to the vulnerability of someone at the height of orgasm to practical jokes; but on the other hand, in might not.

The toy manufacturers -- the point has been made over and over -- flood the market with their own brand of FreeThoughtCriticismandSatire in the form of plastic airplane models just like the real ones used to coat other children with jellied gasoline. But even responsible adults cannot obtain a Barbie doll with a real flexible clitoris. The man who designed the original manufacturer's model must have made some kind of joke to himself when he got to the crotch.

There have been thirty trillion adolescents since the protestant reformation -- an arbitrary time and culture -- who could have written an essay on why the particular sexual customs of their time were inhumane; fifteen trillion who did. But maybe some things are different now. First, the societies with the strongest non-marital sexual taboos seem to be cultures in which the economic -- hence the social -- power rests in the male: patriarchies in which the female was semi-property. And the economic independence of the woman is increasing in all technological societies.

And there is the Pill. Burns could ball his way around Britain, and could sing an affirmation of love in the face of the "kirk and state," at the top of his lungs. But he could also sing of the "creepie chair;" the chair in the church in which a pregnant girl was forced to sit -- with her lover, if he could be found -- while the congregation listened, with Christian love and great relish, to the minister ripping this little chick up. As right as Burns knew love was, he also, knew somewhere in his head how brutal the consequences might be.

But society no longer need know. Responsibility does not even require a couple to be emotionally stable enough to raise a child before they engage in sex. It is not inconceivable that a couple might attain Stability Through Balling. (SFL can have the slogan free.)

A young executive can take his secretary to bed without worrying about the FBI -- though the FBI man has some trouble. And if you drop into the cricus sub-culture young enough, you may never really learn the rules of dating/seduction. I don't think I could map out a full scale campaign for getting laid, and I know about as many people who won't make love as I know people who can't laugh. The focus of the man-woman taboos is primarily the child's head.

Woman-woman or man-man relationships are a different matter. The entire social arsenal is launched at the homosexual. In british Honduras he is flogged. In America homosexuals are arrested, blackmailed, and pronounced pariahs. Law and social attitudes dovetail; no matter how a policeman arrests a homosexual or what the evidence consists of, a plea of not guilty will put his name in the papers. If he is robbed by someone with whom he has spent the night, he obviously cannot go to the police. At present, Illinois is the only state in the union which does not outlaw homosexual acts by consenting males.

Consenting males may, however, get in a boxing ring with no intention other than hurting each other as much as possible. People can even come and watch, getting incredible, strange thrills through their pale little heads in complete safety. Even voyeurs masturbate; sports fans just sit.

I don't know if a homosexual finds something in a man paralleling what I find in a woman; it doesn't seem impossible. There's no doubt that he finds more with a man than he does with a woman. I'd also like to say something about orgies, abortion, adultery, pornography and statutory rape. But lack the space.

Anyone who has time to write articles protesting sexual mores should fuck more.

JOHN ANNICK

SEX & OVERSEX

THE RED IS FOR THE MYTH OF THE ETERNAL VIRGIN: The gadgeted penetration of planned obsolescence. Use it once and then throw it away.

THE WHITE IS FOR THE CLEANLINESS THAT OBVIATES GODLINESS: The Palmolive skin that hides the dirty excitement in the inner-office.

THE BLUE IS FOR THE ROMANTIC SWOON THAT PROTECTS US FROM ECSTASY.

SEX

"What is deepest in man is his skin." and she told them so.
"That's all there is boys. there ain't no more." She was all stripped.
They asked for "more", but there was no more, So their eyes played at her skin.

Shallow skin is only beauty deep when to be had SEX needs to be dirty. Then skin is shallow and sex stirs beneath it. That beauty is the way of getting sex back to the genitals. Darkly, under the covers at home, or in the whores bed. "Prostitution is the need to have a sexually inhibited wife." When the "guilt and shame in sex are an integral part of its pleasure." When "Beauty (no matter how plastic or sleezy) is the condition for one's being able to exercise his reduced faculty for sexual excitation." Then skin is the lovely antechamber to the dark meeting of the body's head: the wrinkled and old lecherous Lord Phallus. (Like lovely secretaries in the outer-office.) The technology of this skin is one of planned obsolescence. The Genitals lead the skin in a gadgety game of hide-and-seek. And the Great Chase Scene is rigged. It leads to the Calculated Climax. The Come Now. Sex is our repeatedly rerun Murder Mystery. Our little mysteriousless escape from life through the titillations of intrigue. The reward for running the maze is penetration and a little oblivion. The eroticized death that lasts only as long as the Orgasm... with only the skeletal semblance of end-pleasure. So Lord Phallus is a deadly tyrant. He has drugged his subjects with the little organized pleasures of culture. Games. Our Sexual Paragon: The Dirty Old Man.

OVERSEX

The DEEPER SKIN is the deepest thing in man. The ply on ply.... The woman on a man on a god. THE SPINNING TRINITY. So deep it is on top of him: OVERSEX. We were caught out of wonder and deep in lecherous sleep when God came to wrestle with our SKIN. We cannot corner him.

"All of our so-called knowledge is a more or less fantastic commentary on an unknown but perhaps inscrutably felt text."

Our skin wrestled with God and gave up the fantasy and the intrigue. The inscrutable surfaces yielded and the walls opened and the stones breathed with the erotic pride of Being part of God.

SEX

At the Cape Kennedy Cafeteria you can get donuts shaped like rockets and donuts shaped like launching pads. The confusion at the tower of Babel was the multiplication of tongues: of incredible phalluses. The deaths at Cape Kennedy were the rush to erection. "Technology as the science of a universally controllable universe." Nature as a woman to be fashioned. So their eyes played at her skin. James Bond. Intrigue and the art of anticipation. All statistics: counting the dead.

REASON, FREE-WILL, FORM, and WORK: the four horsemen. The playing at the poles of the clean and the filthy. The cleaner we get the filthier we are. "The greater our ethical idealism the greater the shadow we must cast." Victorian. "To say that man is boxed in by civilized restraint is quite right, but to say that now man can assert his freedom his free human spirit mostly through sex and violence is being merely Victorian."

PROSTITUTION: What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?

FETTISHED-VOYEUR: We are spectators at our own game of ball. The game is either very clean or very very dirty. Idols seem through a glass darkly.

HOMOSEXUALITY: To be a man is very tough, indeed.

FETTISHED-NOVELTY: Every sense has its snob. The precious and the too subtle escape the synesthesia of deep-skin by over-specializing a single sense.

NOVELTY-INTRIGUE: The little games of hide-and-seek. The escape from a universe that might lift its starry skirt to nothing. (One must keep on reading novels.)

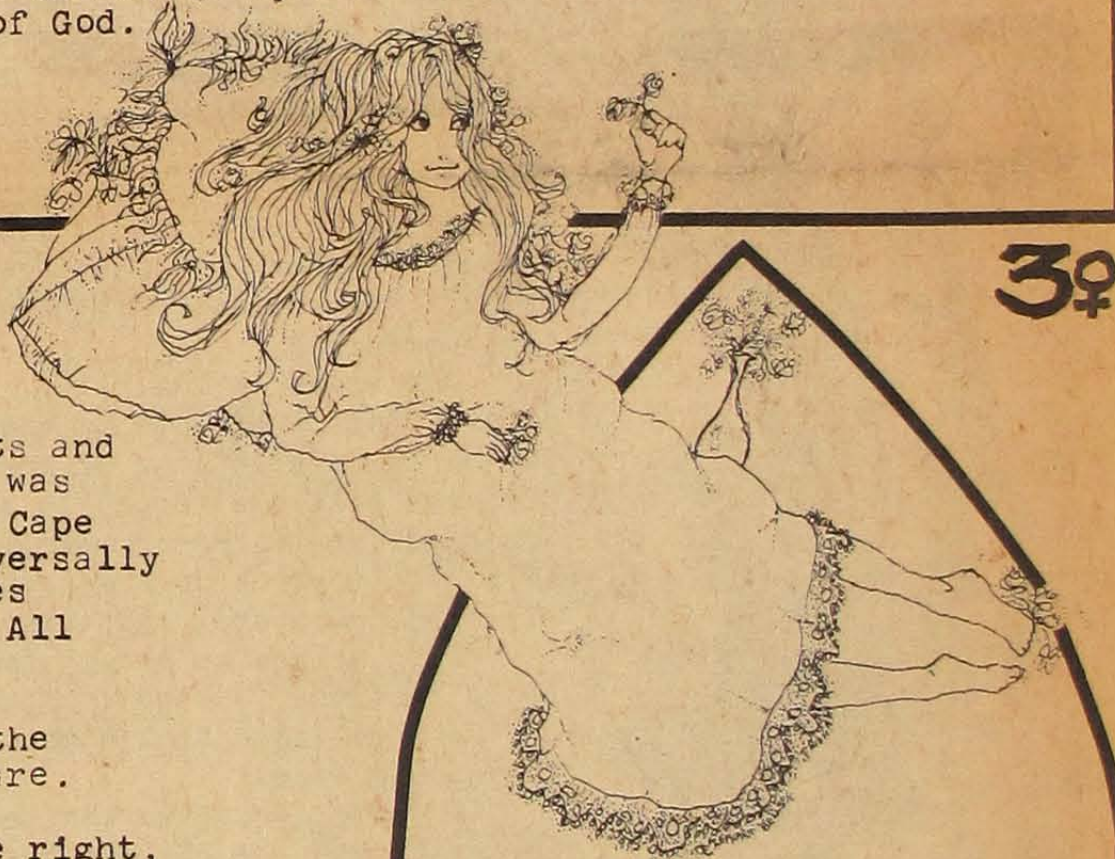
MASTURBATION: What most of us do most of the time. One part of us endearing ourselves to another part. Eunuchs in our own mental harem.

EXHIBITION: Looking at ourselves through others' eyes.

PORNOGRAPHY: Being shocked by the work "FUCK" in order that we may preserve our sexiness.

OVERSEX

In the country of Oversex there is no confusion of property. There are no temples, no markets, no whore houses. So there are no money changers in the whore houses or in the temples, no whores in the temples or in the outer offices and no priests in the markets or in the whore houses. Indeed, there are no houses. Or rather there are no walls...so nothing is exclusively sacred, like the bed or the john. A clear line runs from every table to every bed. Since in a way the inhabitants' entire life is erotic they are not easily excited. Their sheets are like their tablecloths; there is good food both beneath and above. And there are no windows to see sex through. They have no technology except that which is guided by their art. And their art cannot accurately be described as either beautiful or ugly. They do not claim to be free but poetically determined. If you ask them when is something to be done, they reply "When we come to acting our poem called poem." They are not very progressive. Their country has no capitol.

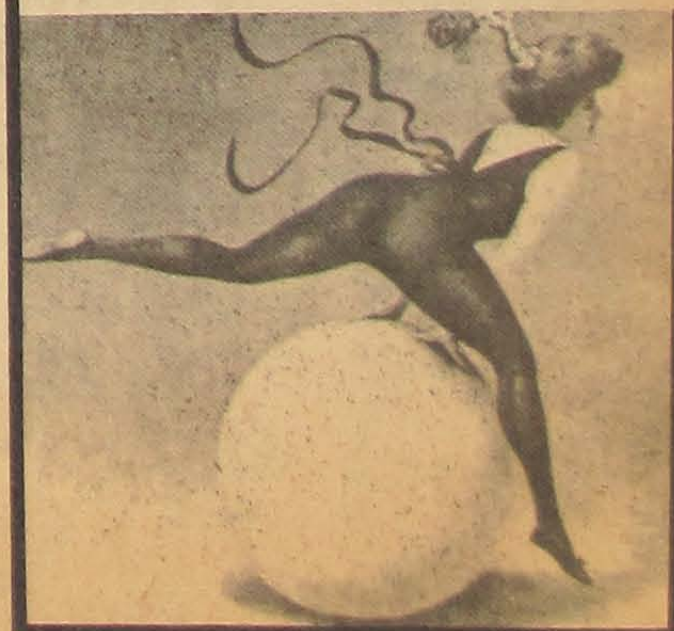


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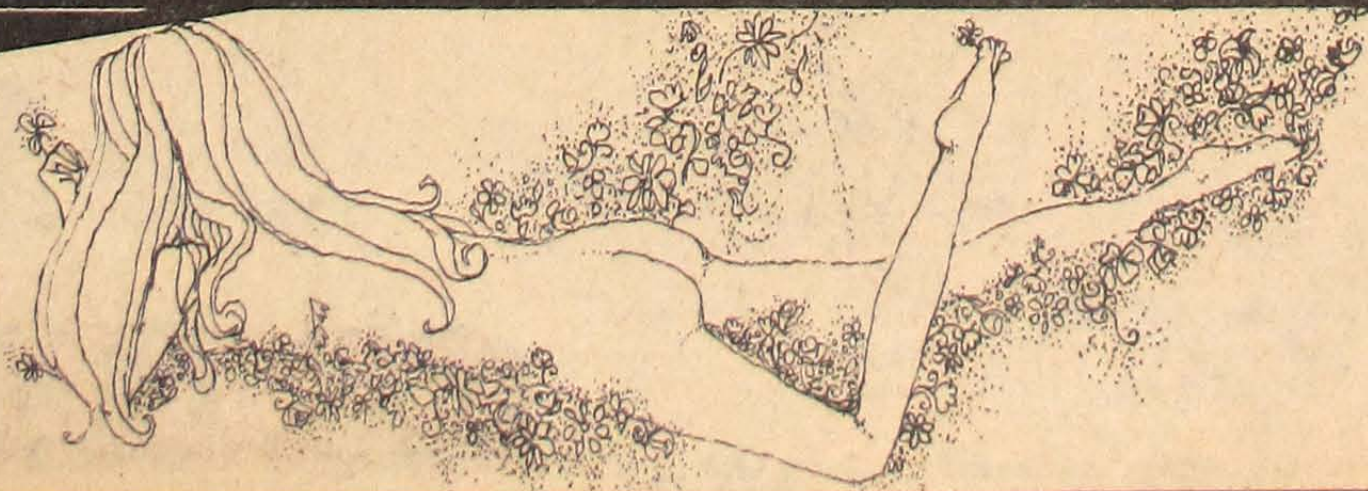
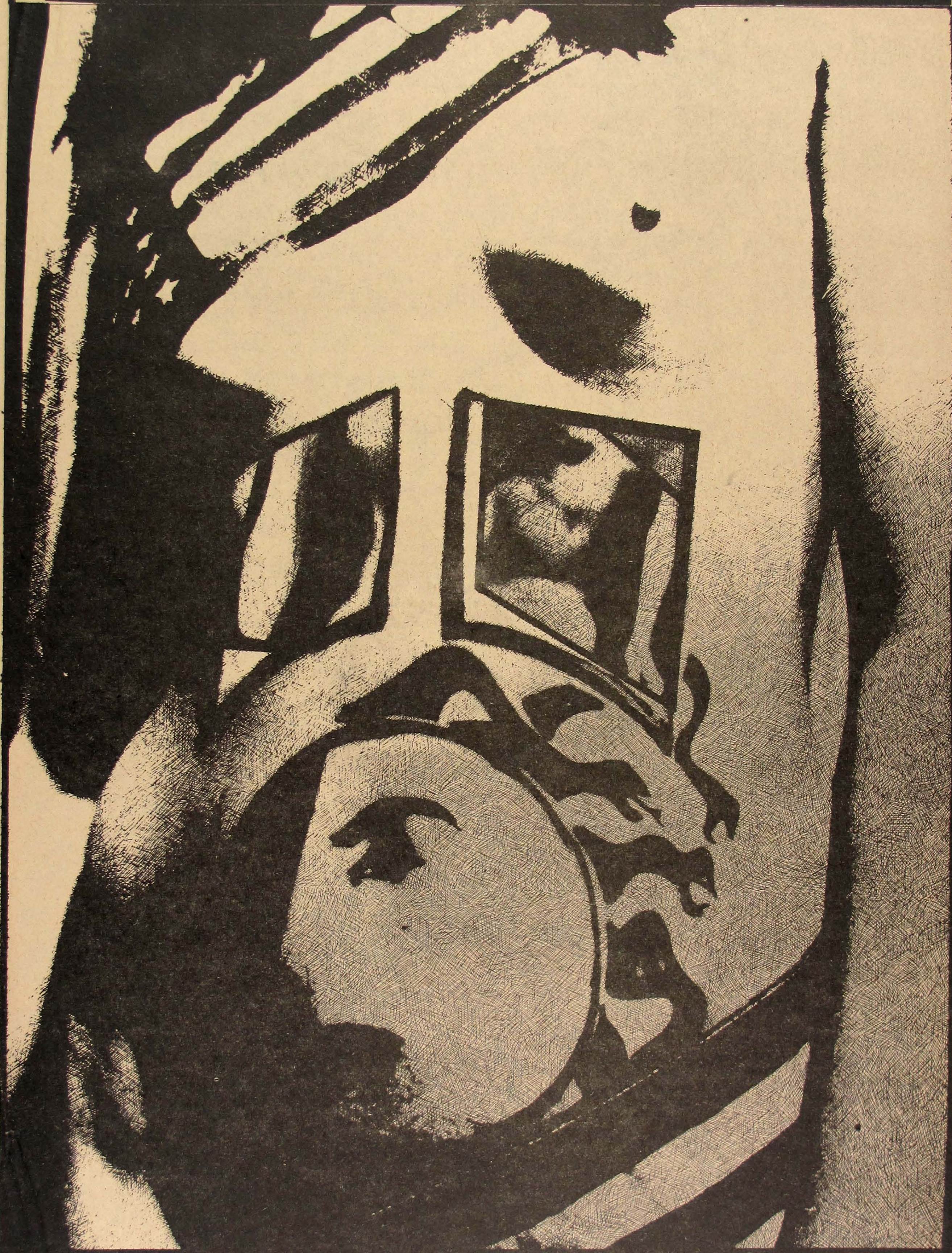
THE TERRIBLE BALL

(from Book of Knowledge)
1922

Give me your ear, good children all,
I'm going to set up a terrible ball-
A terrible ball that began to grow
From only the least little speck of
snow.
And, to make the lesson pointed and
plain,
I'll just remark that life, in the
main,
Is, etcet'ra-you know; and I hope
you'll be good
In future to show that you've under-
stood.



SEX & OVERSEX



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HELIX



OVERSEX